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HUMOR IN A VARI-COUSE VEIN

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...



NO. 1
MARCH

PANIC



10¢



AFI AFI logo featuring a stylized 'A' and 'F' with a small figure.



As the title of this column indicates, just as soon as our relatives, our disgruntled ex-text writers, and Gerard Robbins of Harrisburg, Pa. start writing, this will be the usual E.C. "gripes and groans" letter page! Of course, we could have made up some letters (and still may if none come in!) from some fictional fans asking . . . no, begging! . . . for a companion magazine to MAD! And we could have snickeringly retorted: "Here it is!—ed." But we are above that sort of thing! Frankly, no one asked us for a companion magazine to MAD. The only reason we are publishing PANIC is because MAD is selling well! But wait . . . do not rush for pen and paper to sarcastically insinuate in some bitter missive that PANIC is an imitation of MAD! For this is not true! MAD is an imitation of PANIC!

Yes, PANIC was created many months before the first issue of MAD ever appeared. It was all ready to go. It was locked in the "New Book" file drawer, safe from the prying eyes of our competitors. But did a rival publishing company's editor spy on us? Did a rival publishing company beat us to the stands? NO! We repeat, "NO!" It was our own HARVEY KURTZMAN who jimmied the lock and peered into the "New Book" file drawer, and scooped us by a full year. Why then, you ask, did we wait? Why then, you ask, did we file away PANIC in the "New Book" drawer after it was completed and ready to go to press? Why then, you ask, didn't we come out with it? Why?

We'll tell you why! FRANKLY, WE DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD SELL!

It was only after learning of the frantic attempts of rival publishing companies to rush out imitations that we realized MAD must be selling.

So we flipped open the aforementioned jimmied "New Book" file drawer, shot PANIC No. 1 to our engraver, popped soggy blobs of evaporated Hada-cel into our choked up throats, and collapsed hysterically into our shock couches.

But if we may become a bit serious for a few moments, we should like to give credit where credit is due! Actually, MAD was Harvey Kurtzman's brain-child. He conceived and wrote it himself, and has done so, and will continue to do so. PANIC is in no sense on a par with MAD. It's much funnier.

A subscription to PANIC will set you back one buck for 8 issues. Manila envelopes. The address for sub orders or pan-mail is:

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SEX AND BADISM DEPT. PRIVATE-EYE DICK: THE PAPERS SAY I'M A KILL-CRAZY BANGBROS. WELL, MAYBE I AM. DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE RATS THAT PREY ON THE GOOD PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE KILLERS THAT CRAWL OUR THROUGHS LOOP-HOLES IN THE LAW? DO YOU THINK I LIKE THE DRESS OF INHUMANITY THAT SIT LIKE PARASITES UPON THE BACK OF SOCIETY AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CRAWLING STUNTLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU THINK I LIKE 'EM? WELL, YOU'RE BORN RIGHT I LIKE 'EM! 'CAUSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM, I'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS. ME? I'M MIKE HAMMERSLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE EYE. I TRACK DOWN THOSE RATS, THOSE KILLERS, THOSE BANGBROS... AND I SHOOT! I SHOOT TO KILL! I DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH TIME-WASTING COURTROOM TRIALS! INSTEAD...

My Gun Is The Jury!

By MELVIE SPLANE





I MAKE MYSELF SICK, POT. BUT THOSE IDIOTS OUT THERE *EAT IT* UP. THEY LOVE IT! THE *SOMER*, THE *BETTER*! THIS... AND SEX.

CRAZY WHEED-UP IDIOTS.



I BENT LITHELY, SCOOPING UP THE MATCHBOOK FROM THE BLOOD-SPATTERED FLOOR. I STARTED OUT...

I'LL SEE YOU, POT. I'M GOING AFTER THAT KILLER. AND WHEN I GET HIM, HE WON'T HAND, HE WON'T GET IN THE HOT SEAT. HE'LL *DIE* EXACTLY AS

ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! ALL RIGHT! GO GO, ALREADY! GET HIM, ALREADY!



I SLAMMED THE DOOR BEHIND ME, AND EXAMINED THE MATCHBOOK. THERE WAS WRITING WRITTEN ON IT...

A *BLUE*? ABSOLUTELY! NOW IF I COULD ONLY READ... MAYBE SHE COULD HELP ME?



SHE SLIDES DOWN THE HALL TOWARD ME, HER SOFT CURVACEOUS BODY BEERING FREEDOM FROM THE RESTRAINING FABRIC OF HER TIGHT-FITTING DRESS. ACTUALLY, SHE WAS A FAT SLOB...

I SEE YOUR PARSON, MY NAME IS *MIKE HAMMER* SLAMMER. I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO INVESTIGATE ME, HONEY?



SHE STARTED UNWRAPPING. I SHOT HER. POT CHAMBERS CAME FLYING OUT OF THE APARTMENT AS SHE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR...

MIKE? WHAT IN WHO AS SHE? WHY'D YOU SHOOT HER?

HER NAME WAS *SADIE MAGNIFICK*. SHE WAS WANTED IN *TAHITI* FOR THE MURDER OF A COCONUT BROWER. I RECOGNIZED HER BY THE *BEAUTY MARK* ON HER LEFT SHOULDER



I LOOKED DOWN AT *SADIE* AND A TWISTED SMILE TWISTED ACROSS MY TWISTED FACE...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THE *SCOP-ADT*, BABY. THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THE *BEAUTY MARK*. THAT COCONUT BROWER WAS MY FRIEND, I ATE A *PETER-PAD*'S MOUND ONCE, MADE FROM HIS COCONUTS!

SLUGS SLUGS

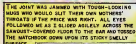


SHE GURLED UP AT ME, SPITTING BLOOD. SHE WAS STILL ALIVE. I RAMMED MY HEEL DOWN INTO HER FACE AND DID A GRACEFUL PIQUETTE ON HER NOSE, GRINDING IN...

YOU'RE A KILLER, *SADIE*. I HATE KILLERS. *DIE*, *SADIE*. *DIE*? *DIE-DE-DIE-DE-DE-DUM-DUM*.

AM, *MIKE*. PLEASE, YOU MAKE ME SICK!





I LOOKED AROUND. THE PLACE WAS EMPTY. THE TROUSERS HAD TAKEN A POWDER. SURE, THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT. SHOW 'EM A LITTLE BLOOD AND THEY RUN LIKE SCARED RABBITTS. I WENT THROUGH THE BIG MUSS' POCKETS AS HE LAY THERE GIBBLING...

FINDING A CHANGE ON A BICYCLE. AN OLD FISH-HOOK AND SOME STRING, A MARBLE, & A DEAD FROG. A... GOOD LORD!



I POCKETED WHAT I'D FOUND AND LEFT. I CROSSED THE SIDEWALK TO MY HEAP. THE PARKING TICKET HUNG ON THE WINDSHIELD...



I POCKETED THE PARKING TICKET, CURSING THE FLAT-FOOT SOFTLY TO MYSELF, AND TURNED. SHE HIPPED OVER TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS, HER DRESS CLINGING TO HER BODY AS IF IT WERE SOAKING WET. ACTUALLY, IT WAS WET. IT'S DAMP DOWN BY THE DOORS.

I SAW WHAT YOU DID, HANDSOME. YOU'RE A REAL MAN. I GO FOR REAL MEN.



SHE SLID HER ARMS AROUND ME, SHAKING UP REAL CLOSE. SHE GRINNED EVILY...



I KASED MY GUN OUT OF MY POCKET, SNAPPED OFF THE SAFETY, PULLED BACK THE HAMMER, AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER. SHE LOOKED REAL SURPRISED AS THE BULLET BOKE THROUGH HER CHEST AND SHE SLID TO THE WET PAVEMENT...



POT CHAMBER SCREAMED UP IN A SQUAD CAR...

WE GOT A CALL THAT THERE WAS A BEAVE HERE, MIKE. I FIGURED IT WAS YOU. I... I... AYE, YUP! ANOTHER ONE...

HER NAME WAS MILDRED MUCKLE. SHE WAS A DOPE-POONER. A KID DIED BECAUSE OF HER.



I GRINNED A TWISTED GIN AT DEAD MILDRED.

THE KID'S FATHER WAS MY FRIEND. HE TOLD ME A NEWSPAPER ONCE! I SMOKE I'D GET HER FOR HIM. SCORRY, MILDRED! YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE MUCKING ME. I FELT THREE W' CAPSULES IN YOUR MONEY BELT...

HE IDENTIFIED THE BURNER VICTIM, MIKE. HIS NAME WAS SYRONG SHODGRASS. YOU WERE RIGHT. HE WAS A CAR-POUNER.



THINGS STARTED TO MAKE SENSE. I LEFT POT AND DEAD WILFRIES AND THE MORGUE BOYS, AND I NOSED MY REAR BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE HOME GARAGE. THE PLACE WAS LOCKED UP TIGHTER THAN A DRUM. THE THIRD SKELETON KEY ON MY RING LET ME IN.



IT WAS THE BIG MUSS FROM THE OHN HILL. HIS MOUTH WAS ALL BANDAGED. HE HELD A ROD IN HIS BIG UGLY PANS.



HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM. I MOVED TOO FAST. MY AS WAS OUT AND BARKING BEFORE HE COULD BLINK. I WIPED HIS EYEL GRIN RIGHT OFF HIS FACE....



THE BULLET HAD GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD AND SLAMMED INTO A METAL DRUM. THE LIQUID IN THE DRUM POURED OUT OVER HIM, MIXING WITH THE BLOOD. A BLACK SHINY LIQUID. MIXING WITH THE SCARLET Ooze.



I SPINAROUND. SHE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY TO THE OFFICE. SMILING. SHE CAME TOWARDS ME, HER ARMS EXTENDED, HER SUPPLE BODY UNCLASPING UNDER THE TIGHT DRESS.



SHE PUT HER ARMS AROUND ME, PRESSING HER SOFT LIPS AGAINST MINE....



POT CAME IN AS SHE SLID TO THE CONCRETE BESIDE THE BIG MUSS, HER FACE FROZEN IN A DEATH MASK, THE BULLET FROM MY AS IN HER HEART.



ALL OF THE PIECES WERE BEGINNING TO FIT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PIECE LEFT. THE KILLER. I LEFT FOR AND DEAD EMMA AND THE MORRIS BOYS AND PHONED UP STELLA.



MIKE, DARLING, I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D CALL. I'LL

I DECIDED TO COME UP AND SEE WHAT YOU'RE GOING WAITING FOR ME, STELLA.

I COULD HEAR HER LITTLE SQUEAL OF JOY. THEN SHE WHISPERED

I'VE GOT A LITTLE COUNTRY PLACE, MIKE. IT'S ONLY A SHORT DRIVE. WHERE ARE YOU? I'LL PICK YOU UP!

I'M AT THE CORNER OF SMITH AND WESSON.



STELLA'S BIG BLACK CONVERTIBLE EASED UP TO THE CURB, AND I GOT IN. SHE LOOKED AT ME HUNGRY.

HOW COME THE SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART, MIKE?

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A CASE. I RAN UP AGAINST A STOUT WALL. THOUGHT I'D RELAX...



STELLA GUIDED HER SLEEK CADDY OUT OF TOWN AND ALONG THE CONCRETE HIGHWAY.



PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS, EH?

YOU MIGHT SAY SO!

SHE MOVED AROUND THE CABIN, LIGHTING CANDLES, FLUFFING UP THE BEARSKIN RUG, MAKING EVERYTHING VERY ROMANTIC. I TRIED CONCENTRATING ON HER, BUT I KEPT THINKING ABOUT POOR DEAD IRVING.



HERE, MIKE. DRINK UP! MAYBE IT'LL PUT SOO IN THE MOOD!

THANKS, BABY!

ALL THE WAY UPSTAGE I KEPT TRYING TO FIT THAT LAST PIECE INTO THE JIG SAW. STELLA NUGGED ME, SHOOKING ME OUT OF MY REVERIE.



WERE HERE, HONEY? C'MON IN!

HUNT ON? YEAH?

I LOOKED DOWN AT THE AMBER LIQUID IN THE GLASS. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF THE BLACK LIQUID POURING FROM THE DRUM, MIXING WITH THE BIG MUSSO'S BLOOD. AND THEN I THOUGHT OF SADIE, AND MILBRED, AND EMMA.



C'MON, MIKE! DRINK UP! I'M ANXIOUS! WAITING!

HUNT ON, SURE, STELLA? SURE?

I GOT UP AND DAUNTERED OVER TO THE CABIN WIN-
DOO AND LOOKED OUT AT STELLA'S BLACK CADDY
PARKED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

O'GON, WERE' DRINK UP?
LET'S LIVE IT UP A BIT!

SURE, BARE!
SURE! L. I.



THE MOONLIGHT PLAYED TRICKS ON THE CAR. PART OF IT
WAS SHINY. PART OF IT...PART OF IT I SWIFTED AND
THENSUDDENLY EVERYTHING MADE SENSE. I SPUN AROUND.
STELLA WAS BEHIND ME. SHE WAS TAKING OFF HER
CLOTHES...

COME GET ME, MIKE. BUT
DRINK UP FIRST!

YEAH, STELLA.



I SPLASHED THE DRINK ACROSS
STELLA'S FACE...

YOU WANT ME TO
DRINK UP THIS
POISON, MIKE?

MIKE??



I PULLED MY SUN...

I GET IT NOW, STELLA. YOU
WERE RUNNING A **STOLEN CAR
RACKET**...SHIPPING THEM TO
JANITY. THAT'S WHERE SADIE
CAME IN! AND EDNA SUPPLIED
THE PAINT FORMULA THAT HER
HUSBAND HAD INVENTED, SO YOU
COULD REPAINT THE CARS. ONLY
YOU WEREN'T SATISFIED. YOU HAD
TO SMOOZE SOME ALONG WITH
THEM. THAT WAS MILDRED'S
PART. THE BIG BOSS TIPPED ME
OFF TO THAT WHEN I FOUND THE
LUBRICATION STICKER IN HIS
POCKET WITH THE PACKET OF 'W'
STUCK TO THE SLUED SIDE...



STELLA MOVED, BUT I MOVED
FASTER. I LET HER HAVE IT,
RIGHT IN THE BUTT, A LITTLE
BELOW THE BELLY-BUTTON.



I STOOD OVER STELLA, BRINNING
MY TWISTED GUN...

IRVING FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR
RACKET WHILE HE WAS POLISHING
THAT CADDY OUT THERE...SO YOU
KILLED HIM. BEAUTIFUL STELLA!
YOU THOUGHT I'D FALL FOR YOU
AND KNOCK MYSELF OFF.



I LOOKED DOWN, STELLA'S BLOUSE
FELL AWAY. I GASPED...



STELLA WAS A MAN.

AND WHEN I SAW STELLA'S MAINT
PHYSIQUE, I GUAINTED TO ONE.

STELLA? DON'T DIE! DON'T
DIE! WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE
SNOW...JUST THE TWO OF US.
STELLA...DON'T...STELLA

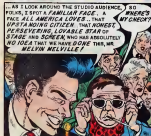


BUT STELLA DIED, NEVER EVEN
REALIZING THAT I, MIKE HAMMER-
SWELMER WAS A WOMAN...

THE END

SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISMOEPT: WHY TWIST THAT RADIO DIAL? WHY FIDDLE WITH THAT TV CHANNEL SELECTOR? WHY NOT SEE THE **REAL THING**, INSTEAD? COME TO A TEAR-STAINED NETWORK STUDIO... SIT DOWN IN A TEAR-STAINED SEAT... AND WATCH IN THE TEAR-STAINED FLESH, THAT HAPPY, JOYFUL, FUN-LOVING MASTER OF CEREMONIES, ED RALPHWARDS, AS HE BRINGS YOU THAT SAY, TOUCHING, SOMETIMES HAPPY, SOMETIMES SAD, BUT ALWAYS HAUSE-TEEMINGLY SENTIMENTAL RADIO AND TV PROGRAM.

THIS IS YOUR STRIFE







NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! MARRY FARRAR, MY HOME-TOWN DENTIST!

OPEN THE CURTAINS!

THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE, MEL?



YES, MELVIN MELVILLE! YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED IN PIG STY, UTAH. REMEMBER WHEN YOU USED TO GO TO THE CORNER DRUG STORE FOR SOAPS AND ICE-CREAM? LISTEN TO THIS VOICE FROM YOUR PAST!

HELLO, MEL? I SOLD YOU YOUR FIRST RAZOR BLADE WHEN YOU WERE SEVEN. THE LAST TIME YOU WERE IN MY STORE YOU BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF ARSENIC!



I KNOW! I KNOW! THAT'S OLD R.M. FILL STUFFER, THE DRUG STORE MAN BACK IN PIG STY!

HOWDY, MELVIN! SAY THEY EVER FIND YOUR WIFE?



WHEN YOU WERE PRETTY. THREE, MELVIN, YOU MARRIED THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN PIG STY, EMMA LOU FREERSEN. AND NOW WE COME TO THE BAD PART OF YOUR LIFE. LISTEN, MEL.

YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER ME, MEL, BUT IT WAS THROUGH ME, INDIRECTLY, THAT YOU BECAME INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY.

THAT VOICE! I KNOW THAT VOICE! OH, WHO IS IT?



I SOLD YOU A BIG FAT INSURANCE POLICY ON YOUR WIFE A FEW YEARS BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED!

OPEN THE CURTAINS! MEL, THIS IS C. SMALL-PRINT, OF THE CONSOLIDATED LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY! REMEMBER HIM?



BOB BOB BOBE

HEH, HEH! THAT'S RIGHT, MELVIN MELVILLE! LUCKILY, JUST BEFORE YOUR DARLING WIFE EMMA LOU DIED, I SOLD YOU A POLICY ON HER LIFE. AND AFTER SEVEN YEARS, YOU RECEIVED \$50,000, ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU OUT OF PIG STY AND BRING YOU HERE... TO HOLLYWOOD TO FAME AND FORTUNE!



BOB BOB BOBE

NEVER DID FIND YOUR WIFE, MEL! HONNY!

HOW LISTEN TO THIS VOICE, MEL!

HELLO, MEL! WE LIVED NEXT DOOR TO YOU AND YOUR WIFE IN PIG STY. BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED AND YOU WENT AWAY! REMEMBER US?









As a public service, PANIC reprints for its readers one of the many syndicated daily newspaper columns dedicated to the task of making our world a happier one in which to live.

How To Face Life Without Going Off The Deep End

By Dr. Alicia K. Fruglknocker, Ph.D., M.A., L.S., & M.F.T.

Hello, all you neurotic readers. Today, our first letter comes from a teen-ager. Read the problem of this poor miserable high school girl.

Dear Dr. Fruglknocker,

I am ready to kill myself. I cannot bear to go on living. There is nothing left in life for me. My father is a drunkard. My mother beats me. My brother takes numbers. Last night was the last straw. My father came home drunk as usual and stumbled into the living room, upsetting my Scrabble board just as I was ready to form a seven letter bonus word with two triple letters and a double score. What is your advice?

Frustrated J.B.

Dear Miss Frustrated,

Your basic difficulty is best termed as a "psychological configuration between mother hate and father preservation" (in alcohol). The solution to your problem lies in sawing the nose off an .88 and taking it a little below the belly-button where it goes in clean and comes out like a flying saucer leaving a hole big enough to put your fist through.

Dear Dr. Fruglknocker,

I am a girl, 18, and very pretty. I live with my sister who is married to a handsome truck driver who hauls empty beer kegs between Cleveland and Cincinnati overnight. Ever since I came to live with them, my sister's husband has been asking me to keep him company on those long overnight hauls. I have consistently re-

fused. I can't stand the smell of stale beer. Am I doing right?

Perplexed

Dear Perplexed,

Your problem is not a psychosomatic allergy to beer odors as you would have yourself believe. I am sure that under competent analysis (my office hours are 9 to 5) it will be clearly demonstrated that your subconscious mind is fighting your sister's husband's invitations. You are obviously suffering from an acute guilt complex, born of many years of close family ties, which precludes you from taking such a fatal step. Perhaps, with competent help, you can develop a taste for beer. (My fee is \$10 per half hour on the regular couch, \$15 on foam rubber.)

In closing, may I just add that if any of you have any dire emotional problems that you are incapable of handling yourselves and you want to afford yourself the opportunity of receiving my expert aid, just write me. I will publish your problem in my column together with my answer and you will be no better off than when you started. There is no charge for this service and, except for a small blackmail fee payable to me from time to time, your identity will be held in the strictest of confidence.

My thought for today is an extract from the writings of the father of modern mental science, Dr. L. Ron Lobotomy, who said, "Anybody who consults a Psychiatrist these days is out of his mind."



GADBOOBS!
MY JOY KNOWS
NO BOUNDS! I
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
MY **E.C. FAN-ADDICT
CLUB MEMBERSHIP**
KIT WHICH INCLUDES
A FULL COLOR
THICKLY ILLUMINATED
CERTIFICATE, A STURDY
WALLET IDENTIFICATION
CARD, AN ATTRACTIVE
EMBROIDERED
SHOULDER PATCH,
AND A STUNNING
ANTIQUE BRONZE-
FINISH BAM-
BOO! FW! SO
WHAT?

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE
COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH \$50.
IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS
AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH
MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH
\$25 FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME
OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE
WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER
NUMBER. EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR
INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY...
BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
325 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO
BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY,
AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE
WHAT THE HED UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY PHONE NO.

STATE

The following is a transcript of the speech marking the opening of the convention of The National Association of Alcoholic Beverage Manufacturers by Stew T. D. Gills, President (retiring).

Nov. 25 (EP) (Exclusive to Panic)

Ahem . . . My fellow members, honored guests, friends, and gentlemen of the press. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you all to this, the fourth annual convention of our beloved business organization, the N.A.A.B.M. Er, pardon me . . . sip . . .

As you all know, the aim of these annual conventions is twofold. One: to afford the members of our industry an opportunity to meet and discuss our mutual problems and work out their solutions, and Two: to nominate and elect officers for the coming year and next convention. Er, pardon me . . . sip . . .

Now before getting down to the agenda for today's sheshion . . . cough . . . I should like to call your attentshun to the 'No Shmoking Shines' that are prominently displayed throughout the hall. Er, pardon me . . . sip . . .

Theshe shines are playshd there for your protecshun. Pleashe obey them. If you musht shmoke, pleashe shlep out into the lobby. Thank you. Er, pardon me . . . glup . . .

Aaaaahhh Ahem Where wash I? Oh, yesh. The ajendedada. Lesh she hic 'cuse me . . . gloop . . .

Firsht there's a li'l matter of a b-sanshui repor'. Mish Shribner of Old Gran'ma Kentucky Bourbon hash jus' handed me the figures . . . slurp . . .

Hee, hee. Looksh like shumbody absconded wid th' treasury, eh, Mish Shribner? Shay, washyou doin' after the meetin'? Par'n me . . . glugg . . .

Now ash I wash shayin', eash year we mee' in convenshun an' we all ge' t'gether an' we hav' a real g'time, eh? Nuthin' like ranshin' a li'l cane, eh? Par'n me . . . gluk, glak, aaaaaaahhh.

Hee, hee. Yesh Shir, I 'member the firsh convenshun the N. A. A. B. M. had Wash in li'l ol' Philly. 'Wha' town. Hoo-Hah 'Member, Mish Shribner? 'Member when we all wuzzup in your 'otel room droppin' paper bagsh filled wid Ol' Gran'ma Kentucky Joy-Joose down on th' pee-pal? Hee, hee. Yesh, shir. Sheuse me. Hey, shumbody sbtole my glash. Gi' me ba' m' glash I'm makin' a shpeesh. My throash dry. Aw, c'mon. Hey, Mish Shribner! Ain'tehoo in charsh of shooplyin' th' shpeakersk wi' a glash? Huh? No, I ain' gonna finish till I ge' m' glash! Thash all. No, I ain' gonna ge' off here! I'm th' preziden' an' I gotta finish makin' m' shpeech Thash a girl. Hand i' up here. Shank yoo. Par'n me, folks. . . . glugaglugaglug . . . hic . . . cough . . .

She lak ah wash shayin', evy year. 'Bou' thish time, we ge' t'geezar an' had shum fun . . . had a real goo' time . . . an' this year lak no esheption. Sho . . . go to it . . . an' pleashant shtay . . . hic . . .

CRASH!

(At this point, the address ended and President Gills was removed from beneath the speaker's table and warmly applauded.)

SPIN FAIRY TALE DEPT: COME AWAY, DEAR READER! COME AWAY FROM YOUR HUM-GRUM, DAY-TO-DAY EXISTENCE. LEAVE YOUR CARES... YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES... MID-TERMS... BEHIND YOU! ESCAPE TO YOUR CHILDHOOD, TO YOUR CAREFREE DAYS AGAIN! ENJOY NOW, THE SEQUEL TO YOUR FAVORITE FAIRY TALE...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD



ONCE UPON A TIME LONG, LONG AGO, A BEAUTIFUL GIRL NAMED GWENDOLYN MOVED INTO TOWN, AND PROCEEDED TO EXTRACT WHISTLES AND HOOTS FROM THE LOCAL APOTHECARY COMBOS...



GWENDOLYN, HOWEVER, WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TOWN ROMEDS. SHE COMPLETELY IGNORED THEIR GENTLE ATTEMPTS AT GAINING HER FOND ATTENTION.



INSTEAD, MUCH TO THE WOLF-PACK'S CHAGRIN, GWENDOLYN TURNED HER FOND AFFECTIONS UPON, OF ALL PEOPLE, THE TOWN BRISCON... SHE, BEYOND, SELF-CONSCIOUS...

MELVIN??
THAT SQUARE?

YEP! THAT'S THE DEAL! HE'S GOIN' OUT WITH MELVIN TONIGHT!



MELVIN, OF COURSE, WAS EQUALLY AS SURPRISED AS THE OPERATORS WHEN HE'D ALWAYS KNOWN...

OH... DAM! YOU WANT ME TO GO!... TAKE YOU OUT, GWENDOLYN?

THAT'S RIGHT, MELVIN, YOU'RE MY TYPE! YOU, I LIKE! FROM-ER! BUT YOU, I LIKE!



AND SO, AS THE STARS TWINKLED OVERHEAD AND THE MOON ROSE SLOWLY, REFLECTING IN THE STILL LAKE WATER, MELVIN AND GWENDOLYN SAT CLOSE BESIDE EACH OTHER IN THE COOL GRASS BY THE SHORE...

OH... IT'S A NICE NIGHT, ISN'T IT, GWENDY?

IT'S A LOVELY NIGHT, MELVIN. A NIGHT I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO...



MELVIN FELT GWENDOLYN PRESS AGAINST HIM... FELT HER WARM BREASTS UPON HIS CHEEKS, CLOUDING HIS SENSES...

OH... SIN I ASK YOU A VERY PERSONAL QUESTION, GWENDY?

LET'S NOT TALK NOW, MELVIN. THE MOON IS COMING UP, LET'S JUST...



WHY DID YOU PICK ME? OH, GWENDY? I MEAN, WHY ME OVER... DAM... ALL THE OTHER FELLOWS WHO ARE MUCH MORE HANDSOME AND... EXPERIENCED THAN IT

OHAY, FOLKS! COOL OFF! GUSTED RATHER TALK? STICK AROUND, THOUGH. MAYBE YOU'LL SEE SOME ACTION LATER!



... FELT THE HEAD OOD OF HER PERFUME AROUND HIM, MAKING HIS HEAD REEL... HIS HEART RACE MADLY... HIS ASTHMA KICK UP...

JUST ONE QUESTION, GWENDY! IF... DAM, IT'S SOMETHING I'M... PUZZLED ABOUT!

LOOK, HONEY! DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT! IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US! LET'S...



I MEAN, WHY ME, WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER... I MEAN...

ALL RIGHT! ALE, RIGHT? I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! SO I'LL TELL YOU WHY I PICKED YOU! SO RELAX! NOW... I BRACE WITH A FLICK-BACK, FOLKS. STICK AROUND! YOU SEE, MELVIN...



"YOU SEE, MELVIN, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I LIVED WITH MY OLD LADY AND OLD MAN IN A CRUMMY SHACK AT THE EDGE OF AN IMPENETRABLE... A THICK FOREST..."

"I'M ORDER TO CHEER ME UP, MY FATHER BROUGHT ME A GOOD PRIZE..."

"LOOK, GWENDOLYN! FOR YOU! A CAPE AND HOOD MADE OF RED VELVET... FOR RIDING!"

"SO WHO'S GOT A HORSE? BESIDES... I HATE RED! I WON'T WEAR IT!"

"DADDY WAS ALWAYS SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL, LIKE THAT..."

"YOU'LL WEAR IT OR I'LL TAN YOUR HIDE, AND RIP OFF YOUR ARM AND BEAT YOU WITH THE BLOODY STUMP!"

"SUDDENLY I LIKE RED... ALL OF A SUDDEN, SUDDENLY!"



"MY OLD MAN WAS VERY INSISTANT, I HAD TO WEAR THAT HORRIBLE RED VELVET CAPE AND HOOD DAY IN AND DAY OUT. I FELT LIKE CRAPAN ANNIE. THE SAME CRUMMY RED OUTFIT, MONTH AFTER MONTH AFTER MONTH AFTER..."

"RED RIDING HOOD, TAKE THIS BASKET OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AND MEATS AND HARDWARE AND AUTO PARTS AND COMIC BOOKS TO YOUR DEAR SICK GRANDMOTHER WHO LIVES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE IMPENETRABLE..."

"GWENDOLYN! THE NAME IS 'GWENDOLYN'! WHAT'S WITH THIS 'RED RIDING HOOD' NONSENSE?"



"AND DO NOT STOP TO TALK WITH ANYONE ALONG THE WAY SO THAT YOU WILL BE THERE AND BACK BY NIGHTFALL. UNDERSTAND, RED RIDING HOOD?"

"GOOD-BYE, GWENDOLYN!"

"THE NAME'S RED RIDING HOOD! 'BYE!"



Handwritten note: I like the name Red Riding Hood!

"SO OFF I WENT, INTO THE IMPENETRABLE, THE FOREST, TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC, DANCING OVER THE SWILIT GLADES AND MOSS-COVERED DELL'S, LUGGING THE BASKET FULL OF POTS AND PANS AND SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES AND JET PLANE FUSELAGE SECTIONS FOR MY DEAR SICK GRANDMA."

TUM TA-TUM-DA-DEL, GRR-O-EE! TUM TA OED-DA-OUL.

GHL-O-EE!

BUT, ALAS AND ALACK, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MY OWN CRUMBY GRACE, AND GRANDMA'S HOVEL, I GOT LOST. THE MISERABLE RED VELVET RIDING HOOD SUFFED DOWN OVER MY EYES AND I MISSED A CREATIONAL SIGM. I WANDERED AROUND UNTIL IT GOT DARK AND THE MOON CAME UP.

OH, DEAR! I AM LOST!
WHAT WILL GRANDMA SAY
WHEN I DON'T ARRIVE WITH
THE BASKET OF BEER AND
PRETZELS AND COLD CUTS
AND POTATO SALAD?

THAT YOU,
GOLDLOCK?



RED RIDING
HOOD, STUPID!

THAT YOU, RED
RIDING HOOD?



"THERE BEFORE ME STOOD THE
MOST Vicious-LOOKING, SLEEPER-
ING, FANGED, ANGRY-EYED, BRISTLY-
HAIRIED WOLF I'D EVER SEEN..."

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING, RED
RIDING HOOD?
I'M GOING TO
MY GRANDMA'S
HOUSE WITH THIS
BASKET OF KITT-
TINE WOOL AND
CROCHETING YARN
AND TEXTILE
MACHINE!



WELL, YOU'RE GOING
THE WRONG WAYED
RIDING HOOD, THIS
ISN'T THE WAY TO YOUR
GRANDMA'S HOUSE. YOU
MISSED YOUR TURN-OFF
SO BACK TO EXIT 22.

THANKS,
WOLF 'BYE!



"FINALLY, I REACHED GRANDMA'S HOUSE. I
KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. POOR SICK GRANDMA,
OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF
HORSE THROAT, CROAWED..."

COME IN, ALREADY! IT IS I, GRANDMA, RED
THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED! RIDING HOOD, I'VE
BROUGHT YOU A BASKET
OF GOODIES... 45'S... 38'S...
TWO TOMMY GUNS... FOUR
M-1 RIFLES AND AN
ATOMIC CANNON.



"GRANDMA LOOKED STRANGE, FRIGHTENING... DIFFERENT THAN
I'D REMEMBERED HER. I TRIED TO FIGURE IT OUT..."

GRANDMA? WHAT FOR?
YOU GOT THEM BIG EYES?

THE BETTER TO SEE YOU
WITH, MY DEAR!



"YOU KNOW THAT CORNY ROUTINE, MELVIN..."

GRANDMA? HOW
COME THE BIG
EARS?

THE BETTER
TO HEAR YOU
WITH MY PET.



"I WENT THROUGH THE WHOLE
THING..."

GRANDMA?
WHAT'S WITH
THE BIG
MOUTH?

THE BETTER
TO EAT YOU
WITH MY
DEAR!



"GRANDMA, SPRANG FROM HIS BED.

EAT ME!!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
GET FOR COMIN'
ROUND HERE AFTER
DARK, YOU DIME
DIAH!



"...AND I SAW THAT IT WASN'T GRANDMA AT ALL, BUT A
VIOLENCE-LOOKING, SLOBBERING, FANGED, ANGRY-EYED,
BRISTLY-HAIRED WOLF..."



EEEEEEEEEE

SHH!
THE
NEIGH-
BORS...

"SUDDENLY, JUST AS THE WOLF WAS ABOUT TO LEAP
UPON ME AND TEAR MY YOUNG GIRLISH FLESH FROM
MY YOUNG GIRLISH BODY UNDER MY YOUNG GIRLISH
RED RIDING HOOD, THE WOODSMAN ARRIVED..."

STAND BACK,
RED RIDING HOOD!

IF I WAS ANY FURTHER
BACK, I'D BE ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS WALL,
SMART GUY, SHOOT,
ALREADY!



"THE WOODSMAN TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND..."



HIGHER, IDIOT!
YOU MISSED!

"THE WOODSMAN'S SECOND SHOT WAS A LITTLE
BETTER. THE WOLF SPOTTED DEAD AT MY FEET..."



"AND THIS IS THE END OF THE FLASHBACK WOLF. STICK
AROUND, YOU'LL GET SOME ACTION SOON!"

MELVIN STARED AT BEAUTIFUL Gwendolyn sitting beside him, bathed in the light of the full moon...

THEN DUN, YOU WAS THE ORIGINAL LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD WHO WAS ALMOST EAT UP BY THE AWFUL WOLF...

THAT'S ME, BUSTER!

...AND, DUN... THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T DATE ANY OF THE OTHER BOYS, DUN, BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE WOLVES.

THAT'S ABOUT, BUSTER.

SEE, IT WAS LUCKY FOR YOU THE WOODSMAN CAME ALONG IN TIME TO SAVE YOU AND YOUR GRAMMA.

SMATTER, BUSTER? YOU GOT 'NOOGS' IN YOUR HEAD?



Gwendolyn grinned up at the moon...

DUN, DUN?

WHEN THE WOODSMAN SHOT THE WOLF... HE SHOT GRAMMA?

...AND HER FANGS GLISTENED AND HER FACE BECAME HARRY...

GRAMMA WAS THE WOLF, BUSTER. A WEREWOLF? WHY FOR DO YOU THINK MY FAMILY LIVES IN GRIMMY SHACKS ON THE EDGES OF IMPETRA... THICK FOREST?

YOU MEANT?



...AS SHE LEAPED UPON MELVIN, RIPPING, TEARING, SMILING...

RIGHT AWAY, BUSTER! EVERYBODY IN MY FAMILY BECAME A WEREWOLF WHEN THEY MATURED... AND

I'M NO EXCEPTION!

DUN... GOOD LORD!

THIS, MELVIN... BUSTER... IS YOUR STUFF? A NIGHT FOLKS!



POETRY DEPT.: SEASONAL DIVISION: HEAR THE BELLS, HOORAY! THE TINKLING OF *TINSELS*? THE CAROLS SONGING IN THE COLD NIGHT? YEAH! IT'S THE *XMAS* SEASON AGAIN. IT MEANS *RIBBONS* AND OLD *WRAPPINGS* AND *PRESENTS* FOR *EVERYBODY*... AND *BILLS* FROM *EVERYBODY*. AND IT MEANS YOU'LL BE HEARING THAT *POEM* AGAIN... *OVER AND OVER AND OVER* AGAIN, TILL YOU CAN *SCREAM*... THAT PERENNIAL FAVORITE...

The Night Before Christmas



THAT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE...



NOR A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE.



THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE,
IN HOPES THAT SAINT NICHOLOS SOON WOULD BE
THERE.



THE CHILDREN WERE RESTLESS ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS,



WHILE VISIONS OF SUGARPLUMS DANCED IN THEIR
HEADS



AND MAMMA IN HER KITCHEN AND I IN MY CAR
HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN TO A LONG WINTER'S NAP...



WHEN OUT ON THE LAWN THERE AROSE SUCH A
CLATTER,
I SPRANG FROM MY BED TO SEE WHAT WAS THE
MATTER...



AWAY TO THE WINDOW I FLEW LIKE A FLASH,
TOPE OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW UP THE SASH.



THE MOON ON THE BELLAST OF THE NEW-FALLEN SNOW,
GAVE A LUSTER OF MIDDAY TO OBJECTS BELOW.



WHEN WHAT TO MY WONDERING EYES SHOULD APPEAR,
BUT A MINUTURE SLEIGH AND EIGHT TINY REINDEER.



WITH A LITTLE OLD DRIVER, SO LIVELY AND QUICK,
I KNEW IN A MOMENT IT MUST BE ST. NICK.



NOW, RAPID THAN EAGLES HIS COURSEERS THEY CAME,
AND HE WHISTLED, AND SHOUTED, AND CALLED THEM BY NAME.



"NOW, DASH! NOW, DASH! NOW, FANCY! AND YEAH! OH, COMET! OH, COMET! OH, BONNIE AND GLITTER!
TO THE TOP OF THE PORCH, TO THE TOP OF THE WALL! NOW, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY, DASH AWAY ALL!"



As day leaves that before the wild hurricane
When they meet with an obstacle



WELSH TO THE RESCUE



SO UP TO THE MOORE-TOP THE COURSERS THEY FLEW
WITH A BLENCH FULL OF TOYS AND ST. NICOLAS TOO.



AND THEN IN A TWINKLE, I HEARD ON THE ROOF
THE PRANCING AND PAWING OF EACH LITTLE MOOSE



AS I DREW IN MY HEAD, AND WAS TURNING AROUND,
DOWN THE CHIMNEY ST NICHOLAS CAME WITH A BOUND.



HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FLAME, FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS
FOOT,
AND HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL TARNISHED WITH ASHES
AND SOOT.





HE HAD A BROAD FACE AND A LITTLE ROUND BELLY
THAT SHOOK WHEN HE LAUGHED, LIKE A BOWL FULL
OF JELLY.



HE WAS CHERRY AND PLUMP, A RIGHT JOLLY OLD ELF,
AND IT LACCHED WHEN I SAW HIM, IN SMILE OF MYSELF.



A WINK OF HIS EYE AND A TWIST OF HIS HEAD,
SOON GAVE ME TO KNOW I HAD NOTHING TO DREAD.



HE SPOKE NOT A WORD, BUT WENT STRAIGHT TO HIS
WORK,
AND FILLED ALL THE STOCKINGS, THEN TURNED WITH
A JERK.



AND LAYING HIS FINGER ACROSS HIS NOSE,
AND GIVING A NOD, UP THE CHIMNEY HE ROSE.



HE SPRANG TO HIS SLEIGH, TO HIS TEAM GAVE A WHISTLE,
AND AWAY THEY ALL FLEW LIKE THE DOWN ON A THISTLE.



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Words Use Mark . . . **Answered**

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United States	1993	1.0
United States	1994	1.0
United States	1995	1.0
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Figure 1

10/1/2016										10/2/2016									
Time	Lat	Long	Alt	Roll	Yaw	Pitch	Temp	Humid	Wind	Time	Lat	Long	Alt	Roll	Yaw	Pitch	Temp	Humid	Wind
00:00	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:00	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:01	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:01	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:02	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:02	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:03	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:03	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:04	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:04	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:05	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:05	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:06	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:06	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:07	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:07	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:08	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:08	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
00:09	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0	00:09	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0	15.0	50	0.0
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00:20	33.00	-111.00	1000	0	0	0													

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